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of the mutual love of William and Sally, finally gave his blessing and consent to their union. Need it be told that the well-won silver cup was ever looked on as an honoured vessel, and that Sally prized it nearly as much as William himself did?

J. F. M.

A RIDE WITH DEATH.

I saw him pass by, while the east-wind blew,
And the vernal blooms from the branches flew;
Lo! there he speeds, that old skeleton-man,
With his frame all bleached, all withered and wan;
His eye-balls are gone, and his cheek-bones bare,
And he rides a pale horse through the cold humid air!

Now he resteth himself 'neath an old dry tree,
Where the moss hath grown for a century;
He feeds his steed with grass that grew rank
On the field where warriors in battle sank;
Redabbled with blood, it thick grew, and strong,
And to Death's pale horse doth of right belong!

Gone is the beauty from violet blue,
For the look of Death hath pierced it through;
And the crocus that bloomed near the old dry tree,
Hath faded away, such a sight to see;
And the grass where he sat, that was bright and green,
Turned pale as the blades where a stone hath been.

Ha! ha! old pilgrim! may I go with thee,
Thy doings fearful and strange to see?
He nodded his head; not a word said Death,
For he had little need to waste his breath:
A man of short speech, he speaks in his brow;
He looks what he means, when he says "Come thou!"

We paused near a maiden with rosy cheek,
A lovely maiden, with blue eye meek;
But her youthful bloom, how it faded away!
Her heart was in heaven, she might not stay;
And we looked at an infant that lay on the breast,
A mother's pride, and it sank to rest!

We stood by the cot of a widowed dame;
Life's feeble embers gave out their last flame:
At the hut of a slave we stepped gently in;
With pity Death looked on his frame so thin,
And his face, as he watched at the old man's bed,
Said "Peacefully let him be one with the dead!"

At a palace we tarried, and there one lay
On his last sad couch, at the close of day;
He struggled hard, but Death's face said "No!
Duty is mine, wheresoever I go:
Peasant or king, it is all the same,
Mine must thou be—I have here thy name!"

We hovered around where a Christian sire
Lay waiting to join the eternal choir;
Peaceful and calm was his holy repose;
He sank as the sun on a May-day's close:
He rose as the sun with beams tricked anew,
When flowers bend with beauty, and leaves with dew.

We crossed the path of a beautiful bark,
How many the corpses, all stiff and stark!
Down sank the vessel beneath the wild wave,
No hand was near one poor soul to save!
We glanced at a ship by an iceberg crushed,
We gazed but a moment—then all was hushed.

We asked of a miser to yield up his gold,
But he loosed not his clutch when his hands were cold.
We entered a town, as it shook to and fro,
An earthquake was raging in fury below;
Dwellings were rocking like trees when storm-tost,
Crashing and sinking—till all were lost!

We stayed our flight o'er a funeral pile,
Where the Ganges roll'd swift through a deep defile;
Where Brahmin priests rent with cries the air,
While the victim lay burning and crackling there;
And the devotees of dark Jaggernath
We saw mangled and torn in its bloody path.

We paused a while where a family stood,
Partaking the sacred "body and blood;"
And we saw their mother unfaltering pray,
When life's mellow evening was fading away;
And as she sighed out her last tremulous breath,
Was ended my first wild ride with Death.

—From the Knickerbocker.



ANCIENT SEAL OF THE ISLAND OF SAINT COLMOC.

THE prefixed woodcut of an impression of an ancient monastic seal hitherto unpublished, will, we think, interest some of our readers both in Scotland and Ireland, as, though it is certainly not Irish, it is intimately connected with that bright period of our history when Ireland sent forth her crowds of learned ecclesiastics to preach the gospel and instruct the people, not only to Scotland and England, but also to Germany, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Mecklenburg, and even distant Iceland, in all which their memories are still venerated as patron saints—that period to which Spenser alludes in the lines:

"Why, lo, when Ireland flourished in fame
Of wealth and goodness, far above the rest
Of all that bear the British island's name."

The matrix, which is of bronze or brass, was discovered among old brass at a foundry in London some three or four years ago, and is now in the possession of Mr Thomas, a merchant of that city, who has the largest collection of remains of this kind ever found in the British empire.

The legend, which is in the semi-Saxon character of the twelfth century, reads—

SI. COMMUNE. DE. INSULA. SANCTI. COLMOCI:

OR,

THE COMMON SEAL OF THE ISLAND OF SAINT COLMOC.

The locality of this seal has been hitherto referred to the celebrated Irish monastery of Iona, or Hy-Columbkille, and such we ourselves deemed it when the impression was first sent to us. But on maturer reflection we are now disposed to consider this conclusion erroneous, and that the seal should with greater probability be referred to the monastery of Inch-Colm, a small island in the Frith of Forth, lying between Edinburgh and Inverkeithing, and which was anciently called Emonia, or Y-mona, i. e. the Island of Mona. On this island the Scottish King Alexander I., in gratitude for his escape from a violent storm, by which he was driven on the island in 1123, founded a monastery dedicated to its patron saint, and of which there are still considerable remains. It was plundered by the English in the reign of Edward III., who, as it is said, suffered shipwreck for their sacrilege; and if we might hazard a conjecture, it would be, that the seal may have been carried into England at that time. But be this as it may, the seal perfectly agrees in style with similar remains of the twelfth century, and we have little doubt that this is its true locality, as the name in the legend will not with correctness or propriety apply to any other known to exist. For, in the

first place, the monastery of Iona, the only other religious house to which it could be referred, is invariably called Insula Columbae, or I-Columbkille, in all ancient documents, and it would be against all probability that it should bear a different appellation on its seal. In the second place, the name of the patron saint of Iona is never written COLMOC, which is an Irish diminutive form of the name COLUM, and which, as in the Latin, means a dove. But this name COLMOC was applied by the ancient Irish and Scotch indifferently to persons bearing the name of COLMAN, both being but synonymous and convertible diminutives of the name Colum—and hence it would follow that this seal must have belonged to some monastery which was dedicated not to St Colum, but to St Colman or Colmoc. It may however be objected that the island called Inch-Colm was dedicated to the celebrated apostle of Scotland, St Columbkille; and it is true that Colgan, on the authority of Fordun, does place it among the list of his foundations. But Fordun is a weak authority to rely on in such matters; and from the greater contiguity of this island to Lindesfarn, of which the Irish St Colman was the third bishop, it would seem more rational to attribute the origin of its name to him than to the saint of Iona. In either case, however, the seal is one of great interest to Scottish topography and Irish history. P.

STREET CIGAR-SMOKERS.

READER, are you given to cigar-smoking? The reason we put the question is, that we should not like to offend you by any thing you might find in our pages indicating a contempt on our part for this silly, and, as we think, vulgar practice. If you be, then, pass over this short article, or as our old Irish schoolmaster used to tell us when we came to a passage which we could not construe, nor he neither, "skip and go on." But we feel tolerably certain you are not a smoker, or at least a cigar-smoker or exhibiting-street-performer, for we are satisfied that among the lovers of this now fashionable amusement we can count but few as supporters of our little work, or of any other of a mental or literary character—that renowned periodical called Paddy Kelly's Budget, if it be still in existence, excepted. It is the practice of unidea'd men with unidea'd faces, who puff, not whistle—as the latter is no longer a fashionable amusement—as they go, for want of thought, and as they think to make them look manly and genteel! Well, heaven help their little wit! You think, reader, perhaps, as we ourselves were till lately foolish enough to suppose, that there must be a pleasure in this practice on its own account, like that which madmen feel in being insane. But no such thing. We have discovered that it is anything but an agreeable pastime, and that it is indulged in solely from the love of distinction, which is one of the peculiar characteristics of the human race, and which is so strong in these cigar-smokers, that they actually, in the spirit of martyrs, surrender both their minds, such as they are, and their bodies also, to its influence. Such a desire is not only natural to us, but praiseworthy: it is only the choice of means of gratifying it that is unworthy and even contemptible. It will bear no comparison in point of intellectuality with that of the fashionable dandies of our youthful days, who used to promenade the streets and public places, playing quizzes, that is, flat circular pieces of boxwood suspended on a string by a kind of pulley, and which they kept in a sort of perpetual motion with one or both hands, and sometimes even (great performers) with their mouths; their arms see-sawing up and down, and their heads shaking like those of the Chinese mandarins in the tea shops. This, though perhaps a little grotesque, was a comical mode of attracting notice and obtaining distinction. It was a healthy folly too, and required some human intellect to practise it adroitly. A monkey or a dog, both of whom we have seen expert smokers, could not, we are persuaded, be taught this; it would be beyond their intelligence; and it had a touch of the odd, the gay, and the ridiculous about it, that seemed to harmonize naturally with our national character—and we are not ashamed to confess it, we were ourselves great quizzers in our youth. But the cigar-smoking folly—it is a dull, lifeless, stupid, silent, moping mania, wholly unbecoming an Irishman, and inconsistent with the spirit, life, and animation that should be characteristic of youth. Old as we are, we think of taking to quizzing again, but we shall never fall into such a solemn absurdity as smoking for applause. It would not suit our temperament.

But we have said that we had made the discovery that the practice of cigar-smoking is any thing but a pleasant one in itself, and that it is indulged in solely from ambitious motives, and an amiable love of applause. Yes, reader, and we shall induct you into our knowledge of the matter, by a true and faithful narrative of the incident which enabled us to ascertain the fact.

We were lately coming along that favourite lounge of the cigar-smokers, Sackville Street, when, arriving near Mitchell's, two young well-dressed, moustached, and imperial dandies, stepped out from that intellectual emporium, each with a Havannah in his mouth, his hands in his "Dorsay" pockets, and looking as grave as possible, evidently impressed with the pleasing idea that they were the admiration and envy of all passers. They proceeded before us in solemn slings in the direction of the Rotunda, we following in their wake, observant yet not observed; and before they reached Earl Street, they were met by a mutual friend, with whom they linked, putting him between them, to allow them the greater facility to spit out, when the following colloquy ensued:—

Friend. Well, Tom, how goes the world with you? and, Dick, my boy, how is every bit of you?

Tom and Dick. Puff— Puff— Well.

Friend. Are you long in town—eh?

Tom and Dick. Puff— Puff— No.

Friend. How did you leave them all in the country?—how is the old fellow?

Tom and Dick. Puff— Puff— Puff— Well.

Friend. Oh, damn ye! there's no getting a word out of you but a monosyllable.

Tom and Dick. Puff— Puff— (And then each of them spat out.)

Friend. Why, Tom, you've become a great smoker.

Tom. Puff— Puff— Yaws.

Friend. And you too, Dick?

Dick. Puff— Puff— Ees. (The imperfect vocal being squeezed out through his teeth at the left corner of his mouth.)

Friend. And do you find it agree with you, Tom—is it pleasant?

Tom here, after a few puffs, slowly draws one hand out of his pocket, and taking the cigar out of his mouth, spits out, draws his breath, and after a minute replies:

"No, blast it; it always makes me sick."

He then restores the cigar to his mouth and his hand to his pocket, while his friend puts a similar interrogatory to Dick.

"And does it always make you sick too?"

Here Dick, having in like manner indulged in a few puffs, takes the cigar out of his mouth, spits out at the other side, and drawing breath and looking very pale, answers:

"Infernally!"

Friend. In the name of heaven, then, what do you both smoke for?

This, as one would have supposed, not an unnatural query, produced a simultaneous stare of astonishment, mingled with contempt, from both the smokers, as much as to say, "What an ass you must be!" and Dick, slowly removing his cigar once more, and spitting out, answers,

"Why, how the devil can you ask such a stupid question—what do you suppose?"

Friend. Suppose! why hang me if I can guess.

Here Tom took hold of his Havannah, and after spitting out on a lady who was passing—but this was only an accident—replied for himself and fellow puffer—But let us pause a moment. Guess, reader, what it was. Do you give it up? Well, then, here it is,

"Why, for the gag, to be sure!"

This was enough for us. Our mind was enlightened by a new idea; and leaving the gentlemen to follow their gaggery, we hurried home to dinner, a wiser if not a better man.

AN OLD QUIZZER.

NOT A FABLE.—A boy three years of age was asked who made him? With his little hand and foot upon the floor, he artlessly replied—"God made me a little baby, so high, and I grew the rest."—*Mirror*.

PUBLIC.—We have a reading, a talking, and a writing public. When shall we have a thinking public?

The mind is a field, in which, so sure as man sows not wheat, so sure will the devil be to sow tares.—*Bentham*.